

Woman and Home Supplement.

RICHMOND, VA., SUNDAY, APRIL 15, 1894.

SUNDAY IN THE HOME.

READING MATTER OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

The Spanish Regent—Kate Field on Bicy-
cling—A Woman's Name—A Natty Shoe.
Queen Victoria's Drawing Room.

Race.

I.

Leave me here those looks of yours!
All those pretty airs and lures;
Flush of cheek and flash of eye;
Your lips' smile and their deep dye;
Gleam of the white teeth within;
Dimple of the cloven chin;
All the sunshine that you wear
In the summer of your hair;
All the morning of your face;
All your figure's wilding grace;
The flower-rose of your head, the light
Flutter of your footsteps' flight:
I own all, and that glad heart
I must claim ere you depart.

II.

Go, yet go not unconsoled!
Sometimes, after you are old,
You shall come, and I will take
From your brow the sullen ache,
From your eyes the twilight gaze,
Darkening upon winter days,
From your feet their palsy pace,
And the wrinkles from your face,
From your locks the snow; the droop
Of your head, your worn frame's stoop,
And that withered smile within
The kissing of the nose and chin:
I own all, and that sad heart
I will claim ere you depart.

III.

I am Race, and both are mine—
Mortal Age and Youth divine:
Mine to grant, but not in fee;
Both again revert to me
From each that lives, that I may give
Unto each that yet shall live.
—W. N. Howells, in Harper's Magazine
for April.

A QUEEN'S WORKS.

Christina, the Regent of Spain, a Busy
Woman.

Queen Christina devotes herself assid-
uously to the training of her children,
writes a correspondent. She does not
care to witness bull-fights, to take part
in popular festivals, or to frequent the
promenade Ritiro, so dear to the inhabi-
tants of the Spanish capital. Her fav-
orite haunts are the lonely roads leading
to Pardo or Moncloa. She loves the pure
air and solitude, which are so restful
after the annoyance of politics. She is
determined that the young King shall
have all the benefits of country life, and
she is, so to say, the slave of her royal
child.

When the writer inquired if she enjoyed
good health during the winter, the Queen
replied, in a tone of plaintive irony:

"It was formerly the custom to repeat
that my son was ill; millions have been
staked on his health. He has had the
complaints natural to all children of his
age. At Seville he had a serious attack
of fever. For some time past, however,
all the sickness has been attributed to
me. Every now and then it is rumored
that I have diabetes, liver complaint, or
some such malady."

"Sensational news," added the Queen,
smiling, "is absolutely necessary. I am
resigned."

The Regent leads a very active life.
An early riser, she has preserved all the
habits of order and industry acquired in
childhood. Here, at Madrid, delay is the
rage. People rise late, breakfast at 1,
dine at 8, and start for the theatre at
9. Afterward—oh, afterward, we call on
the Ministers, stroll into the club; the
cafes are always open; we meet each
other everywhere.

If you go out at 9 in the morning
on a sunny day, you will find no one
in the principal streets save the cleaners.
The city sleeps, despising the ravishing
light or the king of day.

The Queen rises at 7. She pre-
sides at the toilette of her children,
then sets to work at once. Her secre-
tary is not kept very busy, for Christina
writes many letters herself, and reads
the foreign newspapers as well as those
of Madrid. Twice a week she employs
her general steward to distribute alms
to the needy. Of course, all those who
do not receive what they ask for are
accustomed to repeat that the Queen
is not generous. As they cannot say
that she is dishonest, frivolous, or an
indifferent mother, it is necessary to
find some other defect in her character.
And then, as it is impossible to satisfy
the thousands who besiege the adminis-
tration, it is not surprising that she
should be reproached for not squander-
ing.

And yet four secretaries have more
than they can do to respond to letters
begging for money. The Queen gives
according to the means at her disposal.
This money returns to the country, and
the good works of the palace consume
the greater part of the civil list of the
King. This Queen has no income from
the government; she renounced it at
the beginning of her reign. Formerly

the court charities were made public;
now all is done in private, and this is,
perhaps, the nobler way.

Christina is opposed to pomp. She is
simple in her tastes and her personal
influence has given a tone to the palace.
The correspondent was astonished this
time at not having to wait in the third
salon preceding the audience chamber.
Formerly a salon was reserved for the
Spanish grandees, another for the nobles
and a third for ordinary mortals. Now
visitors proceed direct to the avant-
salon where they are received by an
aide-de-camp.

The avant-salon has a military air.
The halberds one meets in the vast
galleries or on the broad staircase now
salute everybody, whereas formerly only
the grandees were thus honored.

Life in the open air being the sole
pleasure of the Queen, she has had the
gardens of the Campo del Moro ar-
ranged; also the tunnel leading to the
Casa de Campo. Immediately after
breakfast she goes out for a drive, ac-

companying her right on the head of the
King, and followed by the Princess Mar-
ie Therese, the Queen withdrew. On
reaching the door at the end of the room
the four royal personages turned.

"Au revoir," said the Queen; "bon voy-
age!"

And I must acknowledge I was much
affected at the sight of that family ta-
bleau.—Exchange.

Queen's Drawing Room

The scene inside Buckingham Palace
(on February 27), was one of majestic
stateliness and beauty. The dresses were
of the most lovely colorings and richest
fabrics, while the design and texture of
some of the brocade excited general ad-
miration. The full glory of court dress
is only for the few moments of the tran-
sient through the throne room, so far as
the palace is concerned, but, later, when
trains are outspread for the admira-
tion of a friendly circle over the femi-
nine function of tea, their merits are still
more appreciated. A remarkably suc-



COAT No 1009.

companying by the Countess of Sastago,
her camarera mayor, to join her son,
who passes the day at Pardo or Zar-
zuela, the healthiest quarters of Madrid.
After this outing Queen Christina re-
ceives twice a week all who desire to
see her, and occasionally she visits the
opera, where she rarely awaits the
third act.

It was 7:30 when the Queen finished
her interview with the writer. Suddenly
shouts of laughter burst on the ear. I
was already on the threshold, when
Christina said:

"Wait a moment; you will see the
children."

I then beheld the little King and the
two princesses. They had stopped short
about ten feet away from us.

"Come here," said the mother.

The little King advanced first, and
as I was about to salute him at the
door his mother addressed me:

"Come in again; you can see him bet-
ter in the light, and when the foreign
papers again state that his health is
not good you can affirm the contrary."

She stood him before her, opposite a
lamp, and placed her hands on his
shoulders. Alfonso XIII. regarded me
steadily. I can safely assert that the
king seemed in splendid condition. His
countenance is very intelligent. Dressed
in black velvet, with a large lace collar,
he had the air of those portraits of the
house of Austria which we see in our
museums. His hair is blond and abun-
dant. Christina caressed him while she
spoke:

"Here is the gentleman who wrote such
nice articles about you when you were a
baby. Don't you believe it?"

"I don't know," replied the little King,
looking at me steadily.

"I will send them to your Majesty from
Paris," said I.

"Muchas gracias," said the royal child.
The princesses are quite strong, tall
and in very good health. Their dress is
very simple. I remarked that they wore
their hair combed back like children,
although the eldest is almost a woman.

"They will be women long enough,"
said the Queen, smiling. Then, giving
her left hand to the Princess Mercedes

cessful dress was that worn by Lady Fe-
odore Sturt. It was composed of richest
white satin; the skirt was plain, hung
with a deep embroidery around the hem
of wheat ears wrought with frosted, dull
and burnished silver in a raised and very
effective and artistic design. The bodice
was done with a fan-like front of similar
embroidery, which was softened with a
beautiful arrangement of lace and chiff-
on; and the sleeves, real examples of art
applied to dress, were full and pictor-
esque, and were made of the satin with
the raised silver work, having soft touch-
es of lace and chiffon cleverly applied.—
London Telegraph.

ARE BICYCLES IMMORAL.

The Editor of the "Washington" on This
Theme.

I remember being told that a dis-
tinguished relative of mine was once
shut up in a police station all night for
being caught smoking a cigar in the
streets of Boston. We have, therefore,
something to be thankful for in the
way of personal liberty in this year of
grace. Some time after that period of
sumptuary legislation, no clergyman
dared to wear a moustache, lest he in-
voke the wrath of his intolerantly vir-
tuous flock. Now it is possible for pro-
fessed Christians to even wax their
moustaches and still retain their stand-
ing in most communities, while there
are youthful pastors who become doubly
dear to female parishioners if the once
wicked hairlike appendage be added to
their spiritual gifts.

So we have outlived much bigoted
nonsense, but alas! not all. Given to
carnal things, I have never discovered
the depravity of bicycles that pervade
the atmosphere of the Capital as one
of its component parts. Evidently there
is hidden within one wheel or the other
a revolutionary tendency toward sin
that must be nipped in the bud, as it
were, if we are to keep ourselves above
reproach.

The discoverer of the inherent sin of
the bicycle is Mr. Robert Lorn, of Yon-

kers, New York. This Christian gentle-
man demands the instant resignation of
the Rev. George H. Miller, pastor of
the Holland Reformed Church, to which
he was called two and a half years
ago. Mr. Miller was ordained seven
years since in the Fifth Presbyterian
church, of Brooklyn, and there remained
pastor until moving to Yonkers. Hearken
to the accusations of the truly good
Dorn:

In the winter when his poor wife was
sick, he organized sleighing parties, and
went belly-whopping on the hills with
the boys and girls. Worst of all, he
bought a bicycle, and then rolled around
his district trying to make an impression
upon every one he met. Twice the
Classis asked for his resignation, and
to-morrow night I think he will have
to go.

What infamy on the part of a man
of God! In vain does the pretty wife
of the young parson protest against
these charges. Says Mrs. Miller:

My husband never went "belly-whop-
ping" down the hills on sleighs with the
girls, nor does he skedaddle around with
them. He does ride a bicycle, and that
is the reason that some of the older
members of the congregation call him
a dude and say he is no good.

There you have the head and front
of the offending. The deadly, insidious
bicycle is at the bottom of the pastor
Miller's fall. He evidently is beyond re-
demption; but what shall we of the
capital do to be saved from a pesti-
lential machine that is worming its way
into all classes of society, not even spar-
ing girls of tender years? In agony of
spirit I again ask, what shall we do
to be saved, and pause for a reply.—Kate
Field.

My Sweetheart.

Her height? Perhaps you'd deem her
tall—

To be exact, just five feet seven;
Her arching feet are not too small;
Her gleaming eyes are bits of heaven.
Slim are her hands, yet not too wee—
I could not fancy useless fingers;
Her hands are all that hands should be
And own a touch whose memory lingers.

The hue that lights her oval cheeks
Recalls the pink that tints a cherry;
Upon her chin a dimple speaks
A disposition blithe and merry.
Her laughter ripples like a brook;
Its sound a heart of stone would soften;
Though sweetness shines in every look,
Her laugh is never loud nor often.

Though golden locks have won renown
With bards, I never heed their raving;
The girl I love hath locks of brown,
Not tightly curled, but gently waving.
Her mouth? Perhaps you'd term it large—
Is firmly molded, full and curving;
Her quiet lips are Cupid's charge,
But in the cause of truth unswerving.

Though little of her neck is seen,
That little is both smooth and slightly
And fair as marble in its sheen.
Above her bodice gleaming whitely,
Her nose is just the proper size,
Without a trace of upward turning,
Her shell-like ears are wee and wise,
The tongue of scandal ever spurning.

In mirth and woe, her voice is low,
Her calm demeanor never flustered;
Her every accent seems to go
Straight to one's heart as soon as ut-
tered.

She ne'er coquets as others do;
Her tender heart would never let her.
Where does she dwell? I would I knew!
As yet, alas! I've never met her.
—Samuel Minturn Peck in Times-Demo-
crat.

A WOMAN'S NAME.

Why She Assumes That of Her Husband at
Marriage.

It is said that the practice of the wife's
assuming the husband's name at mar-
riage originated from a Roman custom,
and became common after the Roman oc-
cupation. Thus Julia and Octavia, mar-
ried to Pompey and Cicero, were called by
the Romans Julia of Pompey, and Oc-
tavia of Cicero, and in later times mar-
ried women in most European countries
signed their names in the same manner,
but omit the "of."

Again this view may be mentioned that
during the sixteenth, and even the be-
ginning of the seventeenth century, the
usage seems doubtful, since we see Cath-
arine Parr so signing herself after she
had been twice married, and we always
hear of Lady Jane Grey (not Dudley)
and Arabella Stewart (not Seymour).
Some persons think that the custom
originated from the scriptural teaching
that husband and wife are one. It was
decided in the case of Bon vs. Smith, in
the reign of Elizabeth, that a woman
by marriage loses her former name and
legally receives that of her husband.
—Dublin Times.

Natty Shoes.

A pretty foot is a desideratum, of
course. If a woman is very plainly dressed
above the shoe-top, she looks natty
if her foot is natty. But a beautifully
decorated woman with a slouchy shoe!
Even a peacock recognizes such incon-
gruity, and folds his gay fan when he
thinks of his feet.